

Dublin, March 13. 1869

My dear Mr May, It is just a month since I left U.S.A  
and it seems a very long time to be without hearing from  
you. The first letter I had from your side was from Mrs  
Cochrane. She told me she wanted to be the first to welcome  
me home & I when began to write before I sailed. The next  
from an old relation in Philadelphia who greatly lamented  
my inability to visit her before I left America. I was very  
sorry, but time did not seem to permit it as it turned out,  
it was not I did not try to go - but the very day on which  
I should have gone to Deborah Wharton (Mrs Haydock's  
mother) with whom I meant to stay in Spruce Street, the  
poor old lady (who was my especial correspondent during  
my confinement in Detroit) was taken with a violent  
bronchitic attack, so that when I left her life was almost  
despaired of, & I do not yet know on which side the balance  
has turned. I sent a special request of a 12 cent stamp to  
a Philadelphia friend begging she wd write to me & I have  
not yet heard from her. - I was very anxious to hear  
from Deborah & Richard & was gratified to get a fine letter  
two days since. She lives 3 miles from Kent, Portage Co. O.  
Her letter was dated Feb. 18. It had the Kent Post mark of  
Feb. 23, & that of New York Feb. 27 - nine days after the  
first date - & fully a week longer than would seem quite  
needful. Richard's than ~~was~~ was fully 6 weeks on the way  
from St. Francis to Dublin, via Kent & New York. No other my  
babies expect to be well & doing well - Deborah had to feel  
her self some one in the world helping & cheering her caring  
the infants. One daughter at school - one at home an invalid -  
one in working on the farm - another helping her sister about  
the house. The father, the most unsound & eccentric of men, away



teaching school. He is a man of honor & of first rate  
qualifications as a teacher. If he had remained in  
Liverpool when he left it 18 years ago, he might now be a  
rich man & all his wife & children, & all his children surrounded  
with all the ample comforts of English or Irish middle  
class life, with plenty of relations able & willing to help  
them in all the ways that well off people can influence  
or command. But he could not endure the real or  
apparent haughtiness of the Liverpool Merchants, his  
employers & patrons, & so dashed his tenderly reared  
wife & children off to the wild west & there they have  
vegetated ever since, far from Society - & poor Mrs. Leland has  
laid down her worn out body in the cemetery at Salem  
who had she had fair play, might have well lived 20 years  
longer - a refined & cultivated woman. She was my dear  
wife's favorite cousin, & was about two years her senior.  
When a boy at school at her father's (who was my wife's own  
uncle) I was now & then in love with her - & accordingly  
I have always had a tender feeling for her & her children,  
who are all good & refined & very people, and regard  
Dinah's repeated visit as a great blessing & almost too  
good to be true. You see how I run on.

Now I may as well tell you that of all the delightful  
times I spent in Demerara, & it was nearly all delightful -  
that of Leicester has left the deepest impression. You there  
exactly "jumped with my humor" & I ~~don't~~ can't tell you how  
continually you are in my mind. You are a wonderfully  
fortunate man to have such a daughter as Ade - so naive,  
so unaffected, so cultured, so well handed, unselfish, & industrious.  
She is fairly charming & I who have a large capacity for  
taking the likeable, delight to think of her & heartily wish her  
all manner of blessings & happiness. It would not be proper for



me to talk so about her if you do not know that I am  
disinterested & in my 65<sup>th</sup> year - & if I did not feel as a  
very affectionate old grand uncle might feel.

If I had known she & now know as to the cause which  
impelled Alfred to hasten me home & which was quite  
sufficient to justify him in doing so, I need not have  
come for another month - in which I might have spent  
some time with the Watsons & C. L. Burleigh & others I greatly  
wished to see. But who knows? I might have had a worse  
winter than I had, or a worse bath, or might have got  
another ball or something else done but might have  
happened. It is ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> rule to accept the inevitable, & thus I gene-  
rally try to do, unless it is something very particularly dis-  
agreeable.

I find the change difficult to bear from the high pressure  
social enjoyment I had with you - the greatest & the most to  
my mind of which I think myself capable - to the utter flatness  
of my surroundings. Here the people have very few of their thoughts  
occupied with U. S. A. - and if their notions are mentally pre-  
judiced, erroneous & one sided, and as to the people of the suburbs  
that occupy my thoughts & fill my mind's gallery they know &  
care nothing. Alfred here - Eliza Wigham & Mrs. Nichols in Scotland  
are exceptions - but they are ~~not~~ <sup>very</sup> few - so that after  
I have answered some questions & assured them that U. S. A.  
are much larger than these two islands, that they contain a  
large population & that I am only anxious for what I have  
seen myself, & not certainly for that, ~~so~~ they have little more  
to say & naturally turn to the small affairs of this faction,  
faction, blessed little island - so then my inclinations flee  
off to Boston & Leicester, & Weymouth, & Concord, & New York & Phila-  
delphia & all the delightful towns I had there & with your cause  
I am (my best saint) at Syracuse.



In a letter rec'd today from Mrs. Adley - I have written the last I called on her relation who did not object to have printed matter during the

As Ade is afflicted with one of my weaknesses & when I send her several in a separate packet by post - with the exception of Mother's two years, since the death of a daughter of my bitter enemy, my dear cousin, Mrs. Adley - The Three Rocks by my late daughter Mrs. Steel - and a translation by her also, from the German - the rest are Deborah's ~~at the end of~~ I would not send them except to one who will pardon a parent's vanity, as I am sure you & the wife.

This country is full of bitterness about the intended measure of disendowing the Irish branch of the Anglican Church. The French & Irish Protestants talk of divorcing the Union - but they can do nothing & will only get themselves laughed at in England by the Irish Catholics. It is a just measure - but no justice can be done to our nation & the nation that another nation does not honestly regard as a geographical - I will send you today "Saunders". It is in the principal interest of the no union the most violent. You will see that it tells of repeal which was O'Connell's cry. The French that comes forward as a candidate for parliament in place of his brother (incited by bribery) is a law of 2d, with no qualification for a legislator except his pedigree & his long purse filled by the sale of his father's patent. Whether he will succeed it is hard to say.

I hope Mrs. May has a good time as I have had with her fine son. The notes of these charming letters - which with some needed opinions on matters of policy, would make capital books. I never got a letter too many from you & how they will be more welcome & more eagerly looked for than ever. I can tell you how often I think of Leicester. With kindest regards to you all I am your ever obliged & affectionate friend

Richard D Webb  
abroad & several who did not care for the fact that I had been in the new world. Many acquaintances began their greetings with begging me to take all about America, & then backed to listen to a single sentence of my narrative.